

# 你梅马那

NIMA  
JIUZAINALI. 你梅马那  
马甲乃译云◎著





# 你在那边

NIMAY  
JIUZAINALI

马甲乃浮云著



# Your Mother's Right There - Chapter 01

## Table of Contents

- 1. [\(First chapter only\)](#)

## (First chapter only)

### [Teaser Chapter] 你妈就在那里: Your Mother's Right There (by 马甲乃浮云 Ma Jia Nai Fu Yun)

[September 7, 2015](#)[March 19, 2016](#) ~ [xia0xiao1mei](#)

Finally, as promised, I introduce you all to a comedy, and also the first modern story to appear on this blog, although, please take note that I'm only translating the first chapter.



#### Novel Description:

You marry, or don't marry; your mother is right there, suddenly sad suddenly happy;

You remain, or don't remain; blossoming youth is right there, doesn't come only goes;

You choose, or don't choose; goods are just those few, no increase only reduce;

You admit, or don't admit; black-belly has already appeared, doomed failure without a doubt;

Go into the guy's embrace, or, let guy live in your heart.

Recovering self — no hope. Can only, be bullied..... ㄏ\_\_\_\_ㄏ

This book, what can I say, I think it's a love-hate relationship with this one...it's one that I really really recommend for the ridiculous amount of laughs it provides, but it's also one of those books that gets you so frustrated in the later half, yet you (or I was anyway) are already too addicted to pull away from it. The comedy element is pretty consistent in this one too, you know there's always those books/drama/anime which loses the comedy once the real drama kicks in, but every time it gets to that point in this book, the author manages to nicely bring back some great laughs. If only the author didn't randomly drop a huge bomb where the story suddenly moves forward three months, which left me fuming — I was seriously ready to flip tables at this point — and then she goes back to where we were originally left off, three months before, to finally explain how things got to that point (—\_—)

The male lead is the typical cold in appearance guy, and it's pretty hard to understand what's going through his head, the author does slip in a special chapter from his POV, which really helps you to appreciate his character more. Whilst the female lead can be such a shameless one, and as with most black belly stories, she is pretty stupid as well, at times I really want to punch her for her stupidity (mainly in the later half), but you still have to give her credits for her stupidity that brings upon the laughs, the drama and also draws out the much needed reactions from the male lead.

*sighs* look at me, reviewing the novel like this — I don't even know if I'm encouraging you guys to read this book or doing the opposite here

Oh and please do excuse the title of this novel, I know it sounds pretty weird haha the novel itself does not revolve around a mother in any way, although both the main leads' mums are absolutely awesome characters

Anyways, that's me done rambling now, do enjoy the first chapter~~



## CHAPTER ONE

At this time, during this very moment, with the dignified posture of Olympic ceremony hostesses, I currently stand inside the church, the environment on this side is very tranquil, the atmosphere rather peaceful and harmonious, with rays of light passing through the irregular shaped windows as it delicately shines in, outside the grand doors, several white pigeons flap their wings as they land on the grass, foraging for food and bathing under the warm sun whilst they're at it. It is now time for the pair of newlyweds to make their vows, I solemnly stand on the spot, the air inside the church contains a pleasantly unique fragrance, making it difficult for people to refrain from sniffing.

Sun brightly shining, skies a clear blue, today truly is a great day to get married.

I watch the groom stand pen-straight, he is currently using all his heart to brew up his feelings, then starts to use a beautifully resonant poetry-reciting tone to make his vow:

"I hereby declare to marry you as my lawfully wedded wife, I declare to all those present, I shall always love you, protect you, until the very last day of my life, I will love all of you, your good and your bad, just like how I have presented to you, my very being also filled with a mix of goods and bad, I will extend to you my helping hand without the slightest of hesitation whenever you need it, and should I need help, I shall also request help from you. The you that I have

chosen, is the one and only person I want to spend the rest of my life with.”

These words truly makes people feel touched as though the heart has been completely stunned, but, if you all think I’m the female lead of this beautiful wedding scene, then you’re wrong. I am but only that silly looking one, stood at the side in a grass-green dress, due to standing for too long thus already holding an unstable posture, sleepy and hungry, secretly yawning nonstop, yes, I am but only that miserable bridesmaid. The bride is my best friend since childhood — Gu Xue Qi.

Once the groom finishes announcing his vows, I see that tough sister of mine actually light up with a shy blush, this one view really is no different to watching a thriller, all of a sudden frightening all my sleepy bugs into dispersing. You should know, this lady called Gu Xue Qi here, her existence in our friendship circle is.....let’s make an analogy, for instance if I say to our friends “Gu Xue Qi actually got shot shy!” — then they will look all funny at me in response: “Shot shy? Haha, how is that possible? This one doesn’t know shy, only knows to shoot.”

Only with the pastor’s reminding announcement of the exchanging of rings, did I get shocked into my senses, slowly bringing forward the ring cushion, the rings of white gold were engraved on the inside, the inlaid diamond on it isn’t very big, but its shine is enough to blind my damn dog of an eye, and the direct consequence of this situation was me accidentally tripping over my own dress when walking up, causing a little stumble. The moment Gu Xue Qi took the ring, that glare she fiercely shot me, particularly sharp, particularly scary, such that right after sending over the rings, I instantly made quick nimble steps away, until there were at least five meters distance, all to prevent a stealth attack from her stilettos under that bouffant dress, should I have been any slower.

In fact, this you also cannot blame me for my mistake.....as a lady who had just past her thirtieth birthday last night, and is still living in the sad reminder of being in the single state of a pure maiden, I had to for sure wash down my sorrows in alcohol, not to mention during the party, the table next to ours was actually holding a birthday party for a thirteen year old little loli, I look around my own table, my dear girlfriends, like me – an entire bunch of old females, such intense contrast, say, how can this not cause my heart to be crushed? (Note: loli



means lolita which refers to young girls)

And so, I woke up living the pain of a hangover, and was even not careful enough to arrive late, fortunately I had crazily stepped on the oil of that little old crappy car of mine, thus being able to rush to the wedding in the nick time, the alcohol I drank last night seems to be very sufficient in staying power, causing me to have even more of a splitting headache this time, all the energy in my body also sucked dry, practically about to collapse as I stand, originally wanted to use “not feeling well” this excuse to slither away from Gu Xue Qi finding me to be bridesmaid, eventually she was very hurtful, she said: “Xue Jin, amongst our entire group of friends, there is only you alone who isn’t married, if I don’t find you who am I to find? Not feeling well? Haha, that’s even better then, just perfect to set off my flower like beauty, vibrantly touching!”

—actually, I really wanted to roar out at her: *heck with lady I’s baby face of several decades passing like one day, it’s only appropriate for me to play the flower girl holding the train of your dress! For the sake of our many years of deep friendship, I thus do myself unjust in being the bridesmaid, don’t you be denying my good grace!*

Before attending the wedding today, when getting out of bed to brush my teeth, old mam takes a few looks at me from bathroom doors, asking me: “Little Jin, I also received Xue Qi’s wedding invite, she’s getting married? She’s getting married now?” When asking the last question, her tone actually raised higher, unwilling to believe this.

“Noh-hwence (nonsense) .....” Unclearly speaking with my mouth filled with foam.

“What are you to do ah?” She once again knits her brows together just like every other day: “Amongst your group of good friends only you alone are left ah, that, what’s-her-name, called Fan-something, when she came to play at our house last time, she was already three months pregnant!” Old mam once again upholds her one-sided mumblings: “I heard Xue Qi her husband runs his own company, ai~, really so lucky ah.....”

“Oh.” I gently form a sound from my throat.

“Don’t you always just oh about, oh oh oh the entire day, continue oh-ing to

the end and you'll be waiting to spend the rest of your life alone. Where's the son-in-law eh? Years ago you solemnly gave me your vow, promising me, *mum, this coming spring I will bring back a son-in-law to you for sure*. Where is he eh? Hidden away in your drawer or in your bookshelf?"

"I don't know either, pu—" I spit out the excess foam down the toilet, facing the mirror as I press under my eyes where the dark circles had poisoned my skin: "Was originally hidden in the bookshelf, but then later I suddenly couldn't find him anymore-ey, mum! Did you go stealing him, hidden him in your bed?"

"You plagued wench!" My mum angered yet laughing as she lands a heavy blow on back, "Only knows to cause trouble! What lady is like you, every day smelling like alcohol! It'd only be strange if any man wants you!"

"Then you and I shall just depend on each other, didn't you always like hanging on the side of your lips *daughters are good daughters are good, daughters are your caring wadded jacket*, then this little wadded jacket shall remain forever dutifully by your side," I grab the towel on the shelf by the washbasin and wipe my mouth, immediately hearing my old mam cursing behind me: "Caring my butt, in any case, you need to hurry up for me and find a man already, that's the most caring thing to do! Premarital pregnancy doesn't even matter, oh, right, you're [paternal] aunt called over yesterday, says a male in the apartment building next to hers had recently graduated from a doctoral degree, not bad by the sounds of it, his family is also hurrying for their son to quickly find a wife-eh, do you want to go take a look ah (blah blah blah)....."

"....." Here it comes again, I stare off into a daze at that indifferent face of mine in the mirror, for a long while, waiting till my old mam is done with her ramblings, and then I turn my head back, planning to shut the doors: "Mum, I need to shit, stop speaking now, anymore and I'll be constipated again."

"Okay okay, I won't speak, you take it into your own hands! Don't sit on the toilet for too long!" She throws behind these words, waving her hand as she helplessly leaves.

And later, once I left the house to drive to the bridal store to get my makeup done and grab the bridesmaid dress, my old mam didn't even forget to remind me to take more notice more notice of any decent men, who knows, I can even

be even closer than close<sup>[1]</sup> with that great friend of mine. Starting from when I was twenty five years old, the outlook of this not-considered-very-old girl's life, began to thoroughly overturn, since then I have always been surrounded with "Quickly go date someone" "Don't come home if you have no man" "I don't lack anything, I just lack a son-in-law" "You should quit your job and set all your heart and mind on finding a good man to marry off to" "When will I be able to get rid of you, you stinking wench" spinning around the top of my head, despite before all this, she would always secretly look through my text messages, and sharply kill off all signs of early love with brutal means. Menopausal women really are fickle ey, I feel that my own brain nerves are completely incapable of keeping up.

.....

After exchanging the rings, the pastor once again says some beautifully pleasant sounding vows. A round of applause sounds within the church, rose petals, balloons and colourful streamers were all brought out to richly render the atmosphere in happiness, the moment the wedding reaches its climax, is also the moment I can finally leave the stage and find a seat to take a good rest at, ten centimetres stiletto heels practically sucked away half a life's essence from me, this flat shoes wearer. I slightly part my skirt to gently beat at my knee, not daring to stretch down too much, thinking, the chest line of this dress really can't get any lower. The church staff very considerately hands me my bag, and I just quietly sit there in a little corner with not many people, whilst eating from the plates of snacks and fruit slices on the table, I was also immensely absorbed in playing Tetris on my phone.

Actually, I probably subconsciously feel that I am still not that old, even if right now I am watching my BFF standing high up on the glamorous carpet spread over the steps, her smile like a blooming flower as she accepts everyone's blessings, I will not at all generate any emotions like jealousy, envy or hate, and would instead feel a little saddened, saddened for the loss of friendship. The girls who solemnly made a vow with me back then to find a Korean or Japanese type of pretty boy together, in the end, they all ultimately found an ordinary man like those mainland Chinese family drama style ones and carelessly married themselves off, at the same time, pulling further apart from me.

People always seem to have too many thoughts, troubles and confusions, as

though we're still youthful like we were back then, easily irked by some matters. I'm thinking, should a person lose all of this, be satisfied with things the way they are, that would probably be the true sense of youth coming to an end.

The I that's already thirty years old, is still reluctant in speaking out my thirst to get married, only finding this very embarrassing. To still be acting like a little girl, getting a major headache over such trivial matters<sup>[2]</sup> of conforming to these laws of nature, does this or does this not prove that the spirit of my heart is still young and fresh? The answer remains unknown.

Sitting here in thinking for a long time, until someone gently pats my shoulder, do I snap out of my trance, I raise my head to look up at the person, not sure whether it's because I'm directly facing the sunlight, the person before me is stood against the light, face is also unusually dazzling and magnificent, causing me to slightly squint my eyes to be able to face up.....

—afterwards I had shared my feelings with Gu Xue Qi, have you read this book before? Called {{My Poseidon}}. The first feeling I got upon seeing him is, perhaps for this man who suddenly appeared before me, I can write a book called {{My Apollo}}! Gu Xue Qi without holding back in the slightest, loudly laughs out haha in mocking of my young maiden heart.

But later when I truly got to know him, did I finally know Gu Xue Qi's mocking laughter was very reasonable, this person is clearly not my God of Sun who came to shine upon me, but is a huge iceberg who makes me defy dangers and turn into Titanic in order to crash into it.

Of course, this is all later on in the story.....I look at the man before my eyes, handsome to the point of exceeding my psychological endurance limit, such that when I speak up in questioning, I actually start to stutter a little:

“What.....what's the matter?”

His face expressionless, half lowered eyes masked under the dense spread of those richly black lashes, pointing downwards perfectly straight, his eyes settle on me for a little while, then looks towards the doors saying:

“You're the bridesmaid right?”

“En, that's right ah.” I stand up asking: “What's the matter?”

“The bride is looking for you, about to head to the hotel for the wedding banquet right away.” He answers, such voice also sounds pleasant to the ears, elegantly clear and deep.

Only now do I notice groups of people all heading outside, hanging my bag on my shoulder, “En, got it.” And then I just couldn’t refrain from curiously asking:

“Who might you be?”

“I’m the groom’s classmate,” He politely yet detachedly tells me: “Also today’s groomsman.”

“Oh,” My lips calmly answers, heart still receiving a little shock. Didn’t think that, no matter what, I too was stood across from him for so long, yet I didn’t even realise there was a man of such calibre by my side, I have indeed drank too much last night.

In front of pretty men, it’s in my nature to be a little squirmy, crossing my fingers over and over again as I ponder whether I should say “want to go together” these sort of words, but before I could put it to action in time, he had already spoken like reading out a textbook “I’m leaving first” and then heads straight towards the entrance alone. I dumbly remain standing on the spot, wanting to as quickly as possible, escape from the present situation that’s making me feel awkward and distressed, I follow behind him, but perhaps because my high heel stepped onto the dragging dress, I hear the tearing of fabric, followed by a tumbling sound, hearing myself “ah—” a sound of short screaming, my body is thrown forward, very directly, very clear-cut, falling like a dog chewing on mud, face flat on the floor.

That person stops walking and turns his head back to me, and I just happen to be at about twenty centimetres distance from him, sprawled out on the ground, the mobile phone in hand due to a sluggish hold, slides to the side of his feet.....

The relative and friends rushing to the doors are all also in a mad rush to get front row seats, in fear of missing a good show as they look over.....



But, all of this isn't the main point, the main point is, heaven knows whose phone is coincidentally ringing at this very time, in this very moment, during this very situation, and then I come to the tearful realisation, just now when playing Tetris, in order to enjoy the game I had turned on my phone sound, later forgetting to switch it back to vibrate mode, my usually favourite ringtone of muffled coquettish nature, which makes people feel unbearably irritated upon hearing it, merrily rings, continuously playing on loop, echoing throughout the beautiful open air inside the church:



“Come ah, come ma, come marry me ah~~”

At that moment, I really wanted to transform into a groundhog and dig up a huge pit, burying myself inside, best to never come out again for eternity, I think, the majority of people attending the wedding must be very happy, because not only are they blessing a pair of newlyweds, but when dispersing, they get to personally witness this divinely embarrassing embarrassing scene caused by me—the bridesmaid of today's wedding, with the sudden attitude of great devotion towards a godly figure, sprawled out by the foot of the handsome groomsman.....

It just so happens, a flower girl passes by my side, she's just like a little princess pulling along her chiffon skirt, holding a bouquet of white lilies, very curiously asking me: “Auntie, are you proposing?”

— = \_ = Auntie your sister ah, proposing your sister ah!

---

---

[1] **To be closer than close – qīn shàng jiā qīn / 亲上加亲 – means to cement**

**old ties through marriage.** For instance in this case, since Xue Jin and Gu Xue Qi are already best friends, to cement their ties further, Xue Jin could marry one of her best friend's relatives.

[2] **Trivial matters** in Chinese is referred to as – **jī máo suàn pí / 鸡毛蒜皮** – which literally translates to **chicken feathers and garlic skin**, referring to **needlessly getting down to the littlest detail.**

Wow~~ I sure am on the roll with these extra translations before uni starts  
hehehe ← shameless selfpraising

I hope you guys like the first chapter, of course I would love to translate the novel, but since I still have the ongoing translation for COB...perhaps I will pick it up once COB is finished, but we'll have to see

## Share this:

- [Twitter](#)
- [Facebook](#)
- [Google](#)
- 

## Like this:

Like Loading...

## Related

Posted in [Chinese Novels](#), [English Translations Chinese Novels](#)[English Translations](#)